

Halo: The Battle for Earth

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Summary: Story of the only SPARTAN III ever. Chapter 3 is up, sorry for the long update, im bad at writing. Read and Review please!

1. Augmentations

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo or anything about Halo. Darn.

AN: This includes Halo, Terminator, Cyborg 009, and other different story elements. I don't own any.

15:30 September 5, 2004

Outside of Chicago

Bill played the last level of Halo for about the 1000th time on a Saturday afternoon. It was raining out, hard. The power barely held in the high winds and lightning and it faded every once in a while. Just as he fired a rocket into the reactor core on the PoA and watched as the vent cover closed. Thunder clapped outside and shook the walls in his room. The power faded and returned. He played on. He was now in the warthog getting off the ship. Just as he made a jump his TV exploded as his light bulbs did. He felt his controller melt as the power surged through it. His room catching fire was the last thing he saw.

12:43 August 12th, 2552

UNSC Cruiser: Justice in orbit around Reach.

Med-Deck

"What is it Lieutenant?" Colonel Ackerson asked as he picked up a data pad with bio monitors running. They weren't good.

"We don't know sir. He just popped up. We found him in Engineering,"

Lt. Haverson said.

"Perfect specimen," Colonel Ackerson said to nobody in particular. He rubbed his chin slowly and turned around. "Make the necessary augmentations and put him in cryo 3."

"Christ Colonel, he's only a kid. 13 at the most, you sure he's Spartan 3 material?" Haverson argued. Ackerson's face turned red with anger

"That's an order, do it. Now." He yelled. He left the med deck for the O-Club, he needed a drink. He waited there for 4 hours talking and joking with the other officers until a cryo tech hurried in clutching his chest.

"Sir, it's done," he said panting.

"Good," Ackerson said and got up.

"What's 'done' Colonel?" General Nicolas Strauss asked standing up. Ackerson glanced at the rest of the officers in the O-Club and looked back at the General. The General, catching on said "Let's go somewhere private," and left. Ackerson followed. They walked through a couple decks and arrived at the Captain's quarters. "Have a seat, Colonel," he said pointing to a chair.

"Thank you, sir." Ackerson said sitting down.

"So, what's done?" the General asked. He folded his hands in front of him and stared at the Colonel unblinkingly.

"Sir, may I use your computer?" he asked.

"Sure, go ahead," the General answered. Ackerson typed in a couple passwords and the holographic pad next to the console flickered to life. A metal skeleton, weapons arms, shields systems, poly-mimetic armor, and a neural net processor rotated.

"The Spartan-III system augmentations are here sir," Ackerson said handing the General a sheet of thermo " printout paper.

"Impressive," he commented. The paper read as follows:

SPARTAN-III SPEC-OPS SYSTEM

Poly-mimetic Alloy Overskin

With a harder alloy underneath to form the battle chassis

On-Board Weapons:

Battle Rifle

SMG

Plasma Cannon

MINI-MAC

Flamethrower

Grenade Launcher

Etc

(All on-board weapons have unlimited ammo)

Neural-Net Processor Specs:

AI Intelligence Equivalent

_Nano-Technological Intrusion software and
transgectors_

CLASSIFIED-LEVEL X-RAY

"Very impressive" said the General. "When will he be battle ready?"

"3 days sir," answered Ackerson.

"Good," the General said. "Dismissed."

August 15th, 2552

Chicago, IL, Earth

SPARTAN-III Training Facility

"Blowing the pins in five!" a cryo tech said through the comm. In the actual cryo room stood Colonel Ackerson, General Strauss, and some assorted ONI techs. They all stood in a semi-circular pattern around cryo tube 45. Steam hissed from the sides as the doors parted. In the tube was a teen-ager, no older than 13 with an assortment of tubes and wires attached to him. When the door reached the top his eyes opened. He turned his head slowly and surveyed the room.

"Activate personality matrix and proceed with testing," Colonel Ackerson ordered. The kid's eyes burned a vivid electric blue and faded. The kid looked around slowly. His eyes widened and in a flash he had ripped the wires from him and leaped out of the cryo tube with fire in his eyes.

"WHAT THE FUCK HAVE YOU DONE TO ME!!!" he screamed and nobody and punched a control panel out. He picked up a data pad stylus and stabbed the nearby tech officer in the knee. He screamed and fell to the floor twitching.

"Sedate him now!" Colonel ordered and 3 mechanical arms came down from the ceiling and injected the kid with morphine and sedatives. He immediately fell down to the ground.

"What happened to me? Why am I here?" he asked with a trembling voice.

"We really don't know. All we know is that you're a SPARTAN. Do you remember anything?" asked Ackerson.

"I remember a flash of lightning and my name, Bill. My friends call me The Falcon. I don't know why." He said wearily.

"Proceed with testing Corporal," Colonel Ackerson ordered.

"Corporal?" Bill asked.

"Yeah. Proceed with testing," Ackerson said again. Bill walked to the testing area. He walked with an odd robotic precision. When he got to the door he looked at the lock on the side and punched it. The lock exploded and he went through the door.

"Test Number:776294, Category Targeting," an AI called Spear said in a flat voice. Bill walked to a platform and stood.

"Bill, think that your arm is a gun," Ackerson said to him and left the testing area. A few moments later he reappeared at an observation deck.

"Here goes nothing," Bill whispered. He put all his brain power, which seemed twice as strong as usual, to his arm and he felt something move underneath. Now all he was thinking was gun for his arm. Electric blue sparks ran up the length of his appendage and his hand automatically folded in on it self and retracted into his arm. A cannon tip extended from the arm and the tips moved around and glowed a faint red. 7 targets dropped out from the walls and something in the back of Bill's mind riled and took over. His arm pointed to each of the targets in turn and destroyed them in a flash of flame, which was concentrated into a beam.

"Holy shit!" Bill exclaimed as his hand extended from his arm and a quick-silver stuff flowed over it and hardened into his skin.

"Move on to poly-mimetic armor testing," said Spear. Bill moved to the left and stood on a red square.

"This is a really easy test," Bill commented sarcastically. As if it heard him, a Jackhammer rocket launcher dropped from the ceiling and fired. It hit Bill dead-on in the right shoulder. He flew backwards and hit the wall, which cracked immediately. Bill flew up and got his stance back. There was a gaping hole in his shoulder you could look through. It closed and Bill's weapon arm extended again and this time instead of a beam of flame firing from the cannon it charged up a gold ball of energy and fired. The rocket launcher was vaporized.

"Mmmm Mmmmm Bitch!" he muttered. He looked up at the observation deck and saw Colonel Ackerson, a few tech officers, and a Spartan 2 talking.

"Move on the nano testing," Spear said. Bill obediently moved to the next test station. There was a single warthog and 4 grunts anchored to the ground.

"Make the warthog run the grunts over without driving it," Spear ordered. The thing in the back of Bill's brain kicked in and from his left index finger out came a drill with the same electric blue glow as the rest of his added appendages. It drilled into the warthog's control panel and blue light went from the bottom of the drill into

the control panel. Bill's mind felt fragmented as if he could think in more than one place. The thought of his test and running the grunts over. He looked at the warthog. It was barreling along in trajectory of the grunts. The 'other' must be taking doing it. _Now that's what I call multi-tasking!_ Bill thought to himself as the last grunt squeaked its last squeak.

'Excellent work, Bill. Report to the cryo room and we can talk some things over," Ackerson said into a comm. in the observation deck. He left the deck and proceeded down some stairs and into the room that Bill was standing in.

"I believe I owe you an explanation, Bill," Ackerson said.

"That would be greatly appreciated, sir," Bill answered.

"Well, we'll begin with your accelerator, which enables you to move so fast that time around you slows down. The switch in the back of your mouth triggers it. Try it," Ackerson said. Bill moved his tongue around and he disappeared with a faint swish. A few seconds later he reappeared with another swish.

"Kick ass!" he yelled.

"You can growl right? Do that," Ackerson ordered. Bill growled and a bout of flame shot from his mouth. He growled again and a stream of fire shot from his mouth.

"Sweet," Bill muttered. "Anything else?"

"No, that concludes our little tutorial. Oh, wait, you have to meet someone. Master Chief, you can come in now," Ackerson concluded. The doors to cryo 3 parted and the green figure walked in and Bill snapped to a crisp salute. Master Cheif returned it.

"At ease Corporal," Master Cheif said and the Bills hand fell to its side. Master Chief didn't fell at ease though. There was something about this kid that made him fell uncomfortable. There was an intense felling of power around him that made him shiver. He wished he had Cortana with him, but she was at ONI HQ getting the Halo and Covenant data dumped to an ONI hard drive. He had seen this thing in combat and he felt that it would give them an edge against the Covenant.

"You have quite a story Chief," Bill commented.

"Yea, I'm kind of getting sick of telling it," Master Chief replied.

"I heard that," Bill said. They both laughed. For a long time they laughed until the base shook and plaster fell from the ceiling.

"What the?" Bill said staring at the ceiling.

"They're here," Colonel Ackerson said staring up also. Master Chief pulled out an SMG and fed a round into the chamber.

"I guess this is field testing for you," Master Chief said. Bill looked up into his faceplate and nodded, his hand transforming into a

cannon.

"These Covenant are going to burn, baby, burn," he answered and ran out the door followed by Master Chief and the Colonel.

"Make me proud," Colonel said, sprinting to the elevator. The doors parted and he stepped in. He cocked his weapon and the doors closed with a hiss. The battle for Earth has begun...

2. So You're Not as Powerful As You Thought

Chapter 2

The Beginning of the End

AN: I'm bad at writing. As for the ones who said that it would be too easy, I'm going to add some stuff in.

Lance Corporal William Cambell gave the insertion chopper clearance to land on Platform 13-A. The insertion chopper landed softly on the landing pad and the doors opened. From the passenger side came a green armored figure and a teenager dressed in military fatigues and a Corporal insignia stitched on the side.

"Hey guys! Get a load of the new Corporal! What does he think this is? A slumber party?" Clancy shouted back to his teammates at the platform kiosks. They laughed and a PFC shouted back at him.

"Yea, get a load of the Spartan! Out of the frigging frying pan, huh?" he said.

"Attention!" someone shouted and everyone stood up at attention as the Spartans passed.

"As you were. Oh and Corporal, I don't appreciate people talking behind my back," Bill said as he passed Lance Corporal Cambell. The Corporal's jaw dropped and he sat back down at his station. Bill smirked and walked down off the landing platform. When he reached the bottom he saw a black Sergeant standing looking out into a valley with binoculars. The Sarge turned around and Bill snapped to salute.

"Sir!" he said.

"At ease Corporal, nothing to get all jittery about," Sarge said. He looked out onto New Mombassa from his outpost on the top of the hotel. Bill's CPU systematically scanned and assessed all Covenant troops in the area. He saw battalions of them, but something caught his eye. 'A new species?' he inquired to the CPU and it replied 'Yes, these maybe the Sharquoi, a species mentioned in multiple UNSC files. They are small, quick, and can teleport quickly, though not as fast as your targeting system can destroy them. Minimal armor, but energy shields make them a threat to normal UNSC forces. They are numerous around industrial sectors of the city. They also wield a new Covenant weapon, the Wave cannon, which shoots pure electrical energy AN: Metroid. One shot from this will jam your motor functions and you will be unable to move for a moment. This will give the other Covenant around them to blast away at your armor, revealing your battle chassis. If that is breached, it will be some time before you

can function in a vacuum. Threat assessment: 76, Optimal Weapon for defense: Rapid Fire Plasma Cannon (though take caution as this will drain your weapon fuel cell stores).'

Master Chief tapped Bill's shoulder and pointed to the sky. Slipspace ruptures appeared throughout the sky. Another 14 Covenant battleships arrived at Earth.

"We should load up the Pelicans and start gaining some ground back from these bastards, "recommended Sarge.

"Yea, let's go. Corporal, wait here and snipe whatever you can. Bill's hand disappeared and a long barrel extended. A scope folded out from his wrist.

"Whoa! That's some fucked up shit!" Sarge said in disbelief. Bill smiled and turned to the city. Sarge and Master Chief left the rooftop via the stairs, leaving bill alone. He smirked and started scoping some Elites. He fired four shots and the Elites were no more, nor were the rest of the group of Covenant.

"Master Chief, permission to leave the rooftop and engage the Covenant on the ground?" said Bill as he clicked the comm.

"Granted, give 'em hell," he replied.

Bill finished off his remaining weapon energy stores and took cover as they recharged. Prye Company was tired and ammo was low. It wasn't looking good for the humans who actually needed food. It had been only 2 hours. He had no idea how Master Chief was doing but in his last communicat   he asked strictly that he receive no comm. traffic. He heard concerned and confused voices from around the corner of the alley. He crawled over and one of the marines spotted him.

"Corporal, look! Slipspace rupture in an atmosphere! There's In Amber Clad going with it. Man, were toast! Were screwed man! Were screwed!" he said pointing to the oddly shaped Covenant ship with a purple-blue mote of light of its bow. The hole widened and then it disappeared with a boom. Bill's CPU took over from there. Bill felt his body liquefy and stretch over the marines. Then it all clicked into place. That boom was radiation cracking the air. Enough radiation to kill or wound humans. And the resulting explosion would destroy the city. Bill's body solidified but didn't turn back into human cells. Heat washed over his 'body' and he felt rock and plaster crumble on him. New Mombassa had been destroyed...

3. Complex Plans

Author's notes: Yup, this is chapter 3, pretty short. I'm already visualizing a sequel, whenever this one gets finished; I think the sequel will be much better. Any suggestions, my AOL Screen name is moosymoose56, I am on most of the time.

Chapter 3:

Complex Plans

November 3rd, 2552

New Mombassa, Kenya

Instacrete Bunker 13-B

1500 Hours

"Sir! Recon's back!" shouted a PFC as he walked into the control room and saluted.

"At ease, what's out situation?" asked Bill. The private passed over a holopad and it flickered to life. A bird's eye view of the whole city, or what's left of it, rotated and clearly visible were a Covenant cruiser and debris. The area in question flashed and magnified. It was a UNSC command-and control center for the entire hemisphere.

"Nice," Bill muttered. "But I know there's a catch, what is it?"

"The Covenant know as much as we do about our situation and they have put almost all remaining troops at the entrance of the base, which is heavily armored, 50 meters of Titanium-A. Plus an encryption program that no one could break. Recon estimates over 500 Covenant troops, including many of those Sharquoi you mentioned earlier," he responded.

"Any vehicles?" he asked.

"Yes, an estimation of 50 Wraith tanks, 100's of Ghosts, a couple Spectres, and about 10 Phantoms," he replied.

"Shit. What's our heavy weapon situation?"

"2 Scorpions and 10 Warthogs (assorted turrets). We got about 4 good snipers and 6 Rocket Launchers, helluva lot of grenades. That's about it," he said with sorrow. He knew as well as every other Marine here that they didn't stand a chance against the Covenant. Even Bill knew that these odds weren't good enough for any possible solution, and if one arose, than it would result in the deaths of $\frac{3}{4}$ of the Marines.

"You got any ideas?" Bill asked.

"No, all I got is a rifle and a helmet," he answered. Bill nodded slowly looking of onto the ocean.

"There is one plan, but the Covenant may not be too keen to accept it. There's three things you can do when facing an enemy stronger than yourself: fall back and await reinforcements, engage guerilla warfare, or surrender. That's what I plan to do. We'll surrender to the Covenant, bargain with them to let us help them get in to the complex, and then turn on them at the last second," he said. He turned back to the PFC. "You think it'll work?"

"It will, at least without a significant loss of life," he replied.

"Whats your name Private?" Bill asked.

" PFC William P. Stewart," he answered.

"This has to work," Bill said staring into the ruins of the city. "It has too."

End
file.